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The Girls of "Hope."

THE ANCHOR.

"Spera in Deo." PS. XLII. 5.

VOLUME XIII.

DECEMBER, 1899.

NUMBER 3.

"All's Well that Ends Well."

"I say fellows, this is no end dull." The speaker, George,—alias "Kid"—Russel, was standing near a window gazing disconsolately out at the fast falling snow which was rapidly covering the campus with its soft mantle of purest white.

"So say we all of us", quoted Harry Morgan, who, in a large study chair, with feet on the table was pretending to read, though his thoughts were evidently far from his book. The Christmas vacation had arrived, and most of the students of N— College had gone home to spend the holidays. The dormitory was deserted, save for this one room, occupied by George and his two companions, who were already beginning to find the time hanging heavily on their hands. The winter wind howled dismally around the building, swaying the leafless branches of the trees, driving the icy flakes of snow into the crevices of doors and windows, and heaping huge drifts of dazzling whiteness wherever a convenient corner or angle presented itself.

On the farther side of the room sat Lawrence Kennedy, drawing from memory clever caricatures of the faculty, on the blank pages of his laboratory manual, while he softly whistled such doleful ditties as "Peter Gray", "The Bold Fisherman" and "Nellie was a lady." Finally throwing down

pencil and book and springing to his feet, he growled, "Beastly weather, but I'm off for the postoffice", and hastily donning his hat and overcoat he rushed down the stairs, two steps at a time, leaving the others to criticise his work, which they at once proceeded to do. "Isn't that old Matthew's nose to a T?" "Just look at His Highness, 'Don Whiskerando'." "I say here's richness", "And O Art, immortal Art", were some of their remarks, which were at last interrupted by the return of "Larry", laden with packages and letters. These were soon opened with noisy exclamations and laughter. One of the latter was found to be a kind invitation to dine with the family of President Matthews on Christmas day. This it was voted to accept, and a note to that effect was dispatched at once.

Christmas day dawned clear and bright, and at the hour designated, the three young men, neatly dressed, rang for admittance at President Matthew's elegant home, where they were kindly welcomed by their host and his amiable wife, who presented them to their lovely daughter, Miss Laura, her cousin, Miss Anna Matthews, and her particular friend, Miss Bessie Stewart, a sprightly girl, whose father owned a large stock farm a few miles from town.

The dinner was everything that

could be desired; the company, though small, proved exceedingly harmonious, and an evening of pleasurable entertainment, in which the singing of college songs played a part, sent our young friends back to their lonely room, each with a lighter heart, a gay sprig of holly in his button hole, and a cordial invitation from Miss Stewart of "Elmwood" (The stock farm above mentioned), to join a house party who were to spend the next week with her.

A few days later we find our heroes excitedly packing valises and grips, strapping up umbrellas, hunting up skates, cameras, etc., in readiness for the expected arrival of the sleigh-load of merry-makers, who would call for them early that evening. At last they are off, with horses prancing proudly, sleighbells cheerily jingling, and as our boys turn for a backward glance at the silent, gloomy campus, with its tall evergreens standing like ghostly sentinels before the great dark hall, a sigh of intense relief escapes them as they rapidly leave the dreary scene behind. Five miles were quickly traversed and they found themselves entering the broad avenue of elms, from which the place derived its name.

As they neared the house the great doors opened as if by magic, and a glow of ruddy light streamed from its portals, revealing to them the form of their lovely hostess, who with her parents stood ready to receive them. They were ushered into a large and lofty hall, which was also the library. A huge fireplace filled one side of the room, except for a space at either end reserved for a cosy corner and piled high with sofa pillows. Two other

sides of the room were filled with books from floor to ceiling. Easy chairs and divans there were in great abundance, and the inlaid floor was covered with costly rugs. From the enjoyment of this beautiful room, the party was summoned to partake of a late but delicious repast, returning again to spend a delightful hour of social converse before retiring.

The days which followed were filled to the last hour with various kinds of innocent amusements: coasting, skating, sleighing, and taking views of the house and grounds, filled the hours of daylight; while the evening was mainly passed in the library before the big fireplace, playing games and charades, roasting chestnuts, popping corn and telling ghost stories, as the lights grew dim.

For the last evening of their visit, a grand skating carnival was arranged. A large artificial lake or pond, within easy walking distance of the house, and surrounded by trees and shrubbery, was strung around with oriental lanterns of every conceivable hue and shape. When all was in order the myriads of lights flashed out upon a scene of fairy-like loveliness. The trees robed in white, reflected the glow from the gay lanterns, aided by the profile of the beneficent "old man in the moon", till each tiny crystal became a diamond of the first water, as the branches trembled in the breeze.

Down the wide path trooped the merry young people in festive attire. Wraps were quickly laid aside, skates adjusted, and soon a low rhythmical hum was heard as the graceful figures of the skaters, swaying to and fro, traced fantastic patterns on the glassy

surface of the lake. Now a silvery laugh floats out on the frosty air, to be re-echoed among the hills as some unfortunate being seats himself abruptly at the feet of his more nimble comrades. Gladness reigns supreme, and the fun and jollity are at their height when suddenly a crash is heard, followed by a scream. Instantly all is confusion. Alarm and consternation is depicted on every countenance as it becomes known that Miss Laura, in trying a new step, has ventured on weak ice and fallen in. Fortunately the water is not deep at this point, and they soon have her landed safely, though half fainting from cold and fright. She is at once wrapped up in Harry's overcoat and carried to the house, followed by a very sober little procession. Arrived there a servant was dispatched on a fleet horse for a physician, whose services were not required however, as after a warm bath with plenty of "yarb tea", prescribed and administered by "Old Aunt Eliza", the cook,—who also as-

sisted the young lady to her room, where she was stowed away under warm blankets, and commanded to go to sleep at once,—she was found to have sustained no serious injury from her impromptu cold bath, and morning revealed her one of the gayest of the gay party that assembled at the breakfast table.

But all things have an end; and soon the hour arrived for parting from the kind friends who had entertained them so royally. With Miss Matthews wrapped up by kind hands till she resembled nothing so much as a mummy, they drove away; and as our three boys were left at the college gates, they bounded up the steps with cheery shouts, for tomorrow their fellow-students would return, and the busy whirl of college life and studies be resumed.

And so the vacation, which bade fair to be the saddest of all their brief life, had turned out one of the brightest experiences of their remembrance.

AVIS G. YATES, Prep. '02.

Memories.

MEMORIES! What are they? They cling to us with fearful tenacity. They have the power to stir the deepest depths of the soul and to paint with vivid burning characters each hallowed scene, each bright joy and each deep woe. They follow us from the cradle to the grave, and preserve fresh and beautiful each little flower that has budded and bloomed in the sanctuary of the soul. Happy hours, fleeting as the wind, dull care with her homely visage and crushed hopes, bitter lessons of experience,

and perchance sins, that the heart would forget all, all is brought before the mind's eye and can never be obliterated.

Who can blot out from memory the fading away to the silent tomb of some dear member of that happy household, and the blank desolateness of all nature for long weary months? Who can forget when friends are untrue and betrayed confidences, leave an aching void in the heart, when chilling disappointment throws a shadow on all things,—who can erase each

and every trace of them? None. But all can and should forgive the injuries received. The injurer may in after years learn from the stern master—experience—the secret of suffering, and may then repent of his conduct of former years. Aye Memories! Cherished and blessed sometimes, but often recalling scenes and events that we would fain bury in the grave of oblivion, and again cling to them with unyielding firmness. At the solemn midnight hour, when all nature has long been wrapt in repose, what holy memories will cluster around the heart—thoughts of father, mother, brothers and sisters, now gone forever, or perhaps in some distant land, *far, far* from you, or of some dear and near one who has long since bid adieu to earth, and gone to better and brighter worlds! We can almost hear the rustle of their spirit wings as they bend to earth to fan the throbbing brow, and cool the burning brain, and soothe by their sweet influence the troubled heart that has grown weary and tired of toil and care and ceaseless strife.

What power can blot out from the memory of the murderer the one stain that follows him with its terrible curse, forever fastened on his soul? The deed might have been done in secret, and no living soul know of its perpetration, yet will that spectre cling to him; and vice, intemperance and wrong doings of all kinds can *never, never* wash the dark stain away. Waking or sleeping, alone or in the crowded hall of pleasure and enjoyment, he can hear the despairing cry and deep death groan of his victim. It was terrible to thrust in one instant

an immortal soul into that boundless eternity, for the purpose of revenge or of gain. How often is heard the story of some one, who, having committed a crime and evaded punishment, at last unable to bear the startling vividness of the remembrance of it, either confesses or becomes a raving maniac, and even in that terrible state is not free, for he still sees his victim pursuing him. Then

"Tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past,
What is recalled by faded flowers
Save that they do not last;
Were it not better to forget
Than to remember and regret?"

Then, again, let us consider the bright side of memory. Who can forget the home of his childhood and each sacred remembrance that is buried down deep in the heart to be cherished forever? How often the memory of our happy school days will bring gladness and sunshine to our hearts. The pleasing acquaintances made and the happy times enjoyed will never leave our memory! How often the remembrance of a kind word spoken or a kind deed done by some friend who is now gone, will lead the wayward youth back to the right path! Will that youth ever forget his benefactor? Therefore, speak kindly to all, 't will cost you nothing, (and who knows the joy that one kind word will bring?) and you will have the blessed assurance of having given gladness to one sorrowing heart, nor will you wish for one kind word recalled, or one good act undone.

"Think not the good
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heaven and pull a blessing down on thee."

When memories are awakened in the breast, we clasp our hands in silent adoration and stifle each breath lest we break the spell. We can escape from toil and strife, leave for a time the turmoil of life, and sit down to muse on the past—the chequered past—its mingled joys and woes, pain and

pleasure, and 'tis a sweet respite. And although our thoughts may be sad and painful, yet who can doubt or question the providence of Him whose righteous judgment never fails, and who will direct and guide us, if we trust in him?

BESSIE W. BORTUNE, Prep. '02.

Think!

"**T**HINK!" This word was hung as a motto in the study room of Frances E. Willard. The noble woman had realized that truth is the source of all good and happiness, and that the means of arriving at this source is, to think.

The injunction may at first appear absurd, but we have found that although man has been given a wonderful mind, he is not necessarily a thinker. The first impulse of the human being is not to think but to imitate. The child does not think out the science of speaking and walking, he acquires it by experimental imitation. As he grows he imitates older people—often to a very amusing extent; he plays driver, soldier, Indian, doctor, policeman and everything he has read about or seen. When he has grown up to manhood he does not cease entirely to imitate. He imitates his ideals. Unconsciously the element of imitation forms a wonderful power in the character of the man. Indeed, so great is this power that none of us are ever free from it.

But we have been given our minds and the power of thinking. Imitation alone will not make us ideal men and women. It is through original

thought that the human race has been released from one barbarous fetter and another, until a degree of civilization has at last been reached. This evolution has been very slow, owing, no doubt, to the deadly war between imitation and truthful thought. One form of imitation that has greatly retarded the progress of civilization has been the sacred regard for precedent. It is a most natural tendency, but one which modern thought avoids. Not that our fathers must not be honored; not that the past must be forgotten; but that to hold beliefs, merely because our fathers held them, as do the unprogressive Chinese—and a few Americans—and to accept old theories, merely because they once did good service, is disastrous to progress. Many instances in the early part of this century serve to illustrate this idea. While the popular mind found it very hard to believe in such discoveries as the use of anaesthetics in surgery, it readily accepted the old custom of bleeding. The populace were treading in the steps of their fathers and dared not to plant their feet in the untried way, for all the persuasions of reason. But, after a few had traveled therein and called back to the

faltering ones, "Come on, it is good", immediately a stampede began and the innovation became a precedent.

We can scarcely understand how, in the dark ages, men could so blindly follow precedent in trusting all things implicitly to the church. It took a Luther to think, and to arrive at the truth which, on that one line, set the people free.

And so it is through all the ages; true thought has ever been the salvation of the world. There may be some who doubt the truth of this statement. Many will claim that Christianity has been the greatest, if not the only, civilizing force. But Christianity is only adopted after thought has been at work with truth. The apostles thought three years before they were entirely convinced, and the gospel was preached three hundred years before the world recognized it as the true religion. You must get people down to serious thought before they can be converted. Whenever a man exercises the power to set people a thinking he has done a great work and the good results are inevitable. Passionate appeals to indifferent minds leave only superficial convictions. We fear that the general acceptance of the Christian faith today is due not so much to original thought as to the universal habit of imitation; a habit which in this instance is surely not to be despised. However, it is certain that if our religious convictions were more universally the results of earnest thought, the Christian body would have much more of its apostolic zeal.

It may not be necessary to go over the same ground that great thinkers

have already gone over and cleared; but as long as society has not reached the realization of the ideal there is room for new explorations. The field is large. There are some pessimists who close their eyes to everything that is unpleasant and imagine that all is satisfactory. But the blessed optimist—the man who thinks—while he appreciates the grand progress already made, realizes that there are still grave social evils, and he studies to see what may be the causes and what part he may take in the alleviation of these causes.

We repeat; the field of reform is large. It is too large for the mind of one man, however prolific, to clear and settle for the present, to say nothing of future, ages. No one man can plan the complete system of social ethics which will herald in the millennium. True, it is all found in the Bible, but there are so many disagreements as to the interpretation until one point after another is settled by some truthful master-mind. But whatever the difficulty of clearing up the whole field, the God-given faculty of thought we are honor bound to develop. It is well enough to become acquainted with that which has been developed by former minds but when we have done this we have only reached the starting point. Now we must take a deep breath and look around to see if there are any stumps of ignorance or oppression to be rooted out or any waste places to be cultivated. We shall surely find them. As you read this, stop for a moment and cast your eye over no greater territory than our own United States. Do you find everything serene and

ideal? What mean these pitiful calls from the South, where the poor white and the dusky freedman are struggling from under the yoke of poverty and ignorance, and where the race war commits such savage outrages? What means it when we hear that for fifteen years the Apache tribe of Indians—prisoners of the United States—have not even heard of the gospel of Christ? What means this long wail from the slums of our large cities? Do you know what it means when your Stars and Stripes float free over three hundred thousand saloons? Can you tell me what it means when the religious papers acknowledge that the Sunday evening services no longer attract the people, but that the Sunday theatre is thronged and street cars and beer gardens are crowded? Homes for the friendless, poor houses, houses of correction, insane asylums, state industrial schools, all these are, no doubt, very benevolent institutions, but are the causes legitimate which render them necessary? Have we any more reason for confining our cares to petty

social, domestic and business obligations, disregarding the obligations of the brotherhood of man and the nation as a social unit—than had our fathers, seven hundred years ago for gradually becoming slaves to the edicts of an Imperial See? Ah, my friends, far less. Is the administration of our government fulfilling the spirit of the Constitution, and is it upright in all its dealings? The agitation of this question commends it to our careful consideration.

It is right to aim at nothing less than the ideal, and we must realize the importance of individual thought. Each soul has a great responsibility in the matter. You are only one? So were Queen Esther, Alfred the Great, Columbus, Joan of Arc, John Wesley, Garibaldi, Newton, Gladstone, Lincoln and Harriet Beecher Stowe; Cyrus Field, Mary Lyon, Miss Fry, Neal Dow, Lady Henry Somerset and a host of other original thinkers. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

ANNE ELISABETH FLOYD, '03.

Thanksgiving Sketch.

WHAT a merry party we were! Four jolly bachelor girls of various ages with not even a chaperon to molest or make afraid. And it was Thanksgiving day, the time when all regrets for past misdeeds should be forgotten and only joy and gratitude fill the heart. Ah! how much there was for which to be thankful; health, happiness, clear consciences, material comfort and bright prospects.

That a suitable degree of apprecia-

tion for all these blessings might be shown, we decided that as many of us as conveniently could, should attend church service. I, however, was not of the party, for to me was assigned a duty which not only conferred great honor but required much delicacy of execution, namely, the care of the turkey, which forms so important a factor in every Thanksgiving day celebration. But when the others, on returning, expatiated at length upon the

excellence of the sermon, the exquisite and sympathetic sweetness of the music and the extreme beauty of the hats worn by certain ladies in the congregation, you cannot wonder that for the moment whether even so high an honor was sufficient compensation for my self-sacrifice. But "revenge is sweet" and I was certain that if only I could bide my time Mr. Turkey would be obliged to pay his forfeit in the game.

Now followed a heated discussion as to how we should manage to dissect our friend, the turk. Each one of us, fearing to undertake so great a responsibility, refused to be the one who should do the awful deed, and thus the matter became more and more complicated until finally it was decided by popular vote and all went on as merrily as four lively girls would be apt to make it go. Any one who has ever had the privilege of witnessing a combat between a well roasted turkey and a novice in the art of carving, will be able to form some conception of the scene which ensued. Our commander held a council of war to decide upon the best point of attack and then, marshalling all her forces, bare down upon the stately victim

with an ardor which was irresistible. Throughout the entire campaign, however, his highness fought nobly and well, but was obliged at last to succumb to superior numbers. After mistreating our captive in a most barbarous manner, he was heartlessly consigned to the tender mercy of the kitchen cat and, for the time being, the noble hero was dismissed from our minds.

The afternoon was passed much as other holidays are spent when out-of-door sports are excluded on account of the inclemency of the weather. However, cracking nuts, playing games and telling stories are not the least enjoyable ways in which to spend one's time and the inexhaustible spirits of our little company were equal to the occasion. Evening found us ready for another season of amusement and, accepting the kind invitation of a neighbor, we were entertained till a late hour, at last reluctantly seeking repose only to dream of huge turkeys, pumpkin pies and regiments of doughnuts dancing on the shores of a sea of cranberry sauce.

PHYLLIS, '03.

The Hope of a Leaf.

My hope is fresh in the spring time,
Beginning my journey through life,
Unconscious of all that may harm me,
I'm innocent of strife.

I unfurl my bright green banner,
When I start out into the fray,
And though wind and storm assail me,
I bud and bloom in my day.

Even if I fall ere Autumn
Has painted its colors and stains,
Still ever, if then or later,
The scar of hope remains.

The scar of hope that assures me
Of a life to come in my stead,
To take my place in helping
The world, when I am dead.

Even as man's race we flourish:
For they live and bloom and depart,
They struggle through storm and sorrow,
But always with hope in their heart.

Some fall before they have ripened,
As some die before their prime,
But both know they've had their mission—
Life's not a waste of time.

—EVELYN VISHNER, '03.

Notes and Comments.

Although the New Woman has been discussed in many papers and has been praised "The New Woman." and condemned by many editors, we believe THE ANCHOR to be one of the few papers which has not yet given the public its opinion about the question. We fear that the gentlemen editors have either inadvertently or studiously avoided this subject; if inadvertently we pity them for supposing it is no thought for a burning question: if studiously, we would rebuke and criticise them, for lacking the courage of handling such a serious subject.

It seems fitting that this number of THE ANCHOR, the first that has ever been published by the ladies of Hope, should touch somewhat upon this subject.

Many people look upon the new woman as one who would deprive man of his natural rights; who would change the customary order of things, and take up the duties of man while he must so humble himself as to take charge of the household affairs. We believe there are certain duties which a woman is as capable of performing as any man, but again there are others to which she has no right, which are intended for man only. But we will not here discuss the question of "Woman's rights."

There is also portrayed very frequently another phase of the new woman,—the society woman,—who is fitted merely for society; for no other purpose than to amuse, to please and entertain a few people. Whatever training she has received has been

very superficial; her education has been incomplete; all play and no work; all music and pleasure, no knowledge whatever of the arts of cooking and sewing; all show and no substance or worth. Is she an ideal woman who boasts that she knows nothing of housework, although she is honored everywhere in her circle, as the best singer or the most graceful dancer?

This, however, is not the new woman we advocate and portray, nor whom Hope College educates. We think of her as an educated woman, educated in the best sense of the word. Our new woman is not one whose education has been confined strictly to book knowledge, nor who has been educated simply for the amusement and pleasure of others.

Our ideal is the woman who can apply her book-knowledge to her practical life, and who is useful not only in society at large, but in her own family circle. She is a *real new woman*, a lovable and loving person.



Henry Ward Beecher says, "Music entertains, charms, ennobles and elevates the hearts of men as no other influence can." We cannot fully appreciate music unless we understand it. But how can we understand it unless we are instructed?

Our catalogue reads, "All the classes meet for instruction in music on Friday afternoon of each week. but, as yet, we have not heard of the existence of such a class. True, there is an organized class but this seems

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to be exclusively for the young men. Are not the lady students included in all classes? If they are, may they not also be instructed?

This class may be meant only for those who are farther advanced in music. Why not then organize an intermediate class?

We have no doubt that if such a class were organized, many would avail themselves of the opportunity and that, in the course of time, Hope would be able to boast not only of a well trained chorus of male voices but also of a chorus of mixed voices.



Why do not the girls of Hope College indulge in physical exercise?

The answer is simple; because there is no opportunity

and no encouragement afforded them. Our college boasts its co-education but we are sorry to say that in this particular a preference is shown to the young men. Is it quite just and

fair that, although every opportunity is given them for indoor as well as for out-of-door exercise, the young ladies are obliged to simply stand by and watch while their more fortunate brother students are enjoying gymnasium work and their base ball or football games? It certainly cannot be said that such exercise is not necessary for them. One has but to look at the dull eyes, the stooping shoulders and angular gait of our average college maiden to satisfy himself on that score. Ought not all this to be corrected? Let them play basketball, give them an hour a day in the gymnasium with a suitable instructor and we will soon have as robust and healthy a set of girls as ever graced an institution. Other colleges and high schools have not hesitated in granting this privilege and why should not Hope College be as generous in this as she has ever been in other respects toward her young ladies. At any rate give them a trial and we will guarantee that the privilege is not abused.



The evening of November 4 will long be remembered, not only by the music loving students of Hope, but by all who had the privilege of listening to the Max Bendix Concert Co. This organization came highly recommended, and, surely, no one was disappointed.

The applause which greeted Mr. Bendix showed that he was not unknown to the public. The skill with which he handled his violin proved that he was master of the instrument.

The Max Bendix
Concert Co.

That music is a second nature to Miss Emily Parsons was shown by the cleverness with which she rendered her piano selections. She gave such expression and life to the music that it seemed to set every nerve in vibration. Her accompaniments were really artistic.

The tenor, Mr. Carberry, possesses

a voice of wonderful sweetness and power: Every word was distinct and clear and thrilled the hearts of the hearers.

Miss Elaine De Sellem's singing was heartily applauded. She has a rich and well trained contralto voice, and is, without doubt, a credit to the company.

Alumni Notes.

EDITED BY MISS MINNIE VAN DER PLOEG, '02.

Rev. E. J. Blekkink, '83, of Long Island, expects to leave soon for his new charge at Kalamazoo.

Rev. G. Hospers, '84, of Cleveland, Ohio, has not accepted the call from Marion, N. Y.

Rev. S. Hogenboom, '84, has received a call from Ontario, N. Y., and expects soon to lay down his ministerial duties in Cleveland, Ohio, for those of his new charge.

Rev. Martin Flipse, '90, of Passaic, N. J., has received a second call to the First Church, Muskegon, Mich.

Rev. H. Huizenga, '93, has been appointed as foreign missionary by the American Baptist Missionary Union in India.

Rev. Hoffman, '71, of Long Island, has been called to the First Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. A. M. VanDuine, '89, of Holland, Neb., has declined the pastorate of Hospers, Ia.

Rev. J. Luxen, '92, will remain at Kalamazoo, having declined the call to the Ninth Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Hon. G. J. Dickema, '81, and Mrs. Dickema, '85, were present at the banquet of the Knickerbocker Society recently held in Grand Rapids.

Rev. A. Van Arendonk, '98, of Lucitor, Kansas, has not accepted the call of the church of Grand View, South Dakota.

Among the Societies.

EDITED BY MISS MINNIE DE FEYTER, '02.

L. L. L.

The regular meetings of the L. L. L. are held from week to week and very creditable work is being done. Some special subject is usually treated at each meeting, while recitations, music, poetry, and original work by

the members are scattered through the programs. The appearance of the Society room is a great improvement upon what it has been in former years, and the usefulness of the room has lately been increased by the addition of electric lights. The editing

of THE ANCHOR by the L. L. L. is a new departure and we hope that our first effort in this line will be a success and that we may continue to improve.

The young ladies' prayer meeting is held on Thursday of each week. Active part is taken in all the meetings and much good is being done by it.

Y. M. C. A.

If anything has characterized our Y. M. C. A. work this year more than other years, it is co-operation. The work of the different committees is well organized and everything has passed along smoothly. The meetings, both the Tuesday prayer meeting and the Thursday lectures, have been well attended and the interest shown has been very gratifying.

One phase of the work, however, has not received the attention and the support it might, and, as we truly believe, it ought to receive. We refer to the work among the Sunday schools. There is a lack of teachers in almost every school that has come to depend for its support on the students. This is certainly not as it should be. Of course, it is quite a sacrifice to take a class on one's responsibility in one of these mission schools, especially when they are a long way off. But is that a reason why we should give it up? We might then as well do away with all missions, both foreign and domestic. But the christian's life is a life of sacrifice. And if our christianity reaches no deeper than to our ease and comfort, it is not worthy of the name. The question comes to this, Shall we let our Sunday schools go down? If

not, then each member has to consider it his personal duty to assist in the work.

The committee on missions has made a move in the right direction. Efforts are being made to collect funds from among the students to support a native helper in the foreign field. This is certainly what we want. Give to missions and enthusiasm will come of itself.

COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY.

The Cosmopolitans have introduced a new feature in their regular programs. Hitherto they had limited themselves to orations, addresses, essays, debates, etc.; now they intend to train themselves in fiction also. Hope has been very sterile in this field of literary production so far, and it is well to create a more general taste for this kind of work. Modern literature is chiefly fiction; of the ten books that are sold on the market nine are novels. And any one who wants to make a success as a writer today can not afford to neglect this important department of literature.

MELIPHONE.

Instead of separate reports of each section we hand in a combined report. For in aim and work we are one. We are separated not because of distinction or superiority but for advantage. As two pillars equivalent to one in mass are used to advantage, so too are we more capable of doing good work when divided.

We entered upon the year's work with earnestness and determination. The old members are faithful and loyal. These characteristics are also noticeable in the few new members,



"Hope" Football Team '99.

who all take hold with zeal and a fixed desire.

Why there are not more new members who join our ranks, is a mystery to us. Certainly, every student should be a member of some literary society. For we cannot get everything in the class-room. Though we may be proficient in the classics, though we may be excellent mathematicians, though we may be all-round good "book-worms", and although we are "stuffed with theories", yet if we cannot put them to practice, what does it avail?

There are many students in the preparatory department who do not belong to any society. It is not because they are not welcome, nor because they are not competent, nor yet because they do not need it, but we fear there is some other paltry reason. Is it because they have no time? Is it because pecuniary matters intervene? Or is it because our initiation is feared? If they give these or any other like reasons, surely they are not adequate. We come to school to make men of ourselves. Why should we not do so then in the best way possible? We must benefit by the experience of others as well as by our own.

GERMAN SOCIETY.

"The recent report of Ulfilas' sudden death filled my heart with sadness and sorrow. Ever since the day of my birth he had been my faithful friend, and I even now long for his resurrection. Had it not been for my own struggle with the wolf of poverty, Ulfilas would have received some support from me; but while his life was ebbing away, mine, too, was in such a condition that many thought I would

be buried with him. I am now, however, again recovering, and if the friends who desire to learn something about my mother tongue will kindly help me along, I shall soon be better fit to fight life's battles than ever before. I hold my regular meetings in the hall of the kind and generous Cosmopolitan. Visitors are always welcome."

FRATERNAL SOCIETY.

The membership of our society was greatly increased during the past two months. We now have so many members that our hall is almost too small to contain them all. But interest in the weekly programmes has increased in proportion. All the members realize that it requires very hard, persistent effort to maintain a recognized place in the ranks.

Our society is also engaged in executing some very interesting programmes. One evening was devoted to the study of poetry. The debate, essays, and declamations were all suitable for the occasion. Another meeting in the near future will distinctively be devoted to Oratory. It would be an interesting study to denote the development of oratory in our society. For, without an egotism, we claim that the standard of excellence is gradually becoming more fixed. A few of Shakespeare's most renowned characters are in our course for this term. Thus far we have had essays on the characters of Macbeth, Portia, and Shylock.

There is one question which, however, presents a serious difficulty; and that is the evenings chosen for the public lectures. Many of them have

been held on Friday evenings which are primarily society evenings. Serious interruptions must necessarily occur when the members are separ-

ated so long from their society. We trust that in the future this evil may be obviated so that our evenings may be free from so many interruptions.

The Green and White.

The Freshmen flourished green and white at the big game on Nov. 9th, when they defeated the Sophomores 6 to 0. Yet, notwithstanding the success of these colors, some of the class are advertising a change to purple and white.

No one can object to the white, for Freshmen, as it so beautifully emblemizes their purity and innocence; but purple—it would never do. Where in nature do we find purple, and what does it mean? We see it in the western sky long after the sun has set; sometimes the storm clouds are bursting with purple; the autumn wild flowers are purple. Purple is the sign of glorious old age. We set it apart for the serious.

On the other hand, green has every

point in its favor. Why, one can scarcely see the colors without remembering his Freshman days. It is, moreover, the emblem of Hope (a pun). The combination of white and green is emblemized for the Freshmen everywhere in nature. The spring buds, the new strawberry, and even the delicious celery is loyal. Whenever a white pigeon alights on the bow of a pine tree the Freshman sees his colors flaunted by nature. As he gazes on the "white caps" as they break in the green lake, nature is recognizing the glories of '03. Yea, verily, whenever he beholds his history notes flying over the green campus on a windy day he should bow in acceptance before the very elements that would do him homage.

College Jottings.

EDITED BY LOTTIE HOYT, '01, AND ANNA RIEMENS, '02.

Take notes! Take notes!
Zip Rah Bang!

The suggestion has been made to call the new ladies dormitory "Go-on Hall", only we are afraid this is not dignified enough.

Third church social: 4 to 1.

No excuse to be dull in the Greek room, always plenty of fresh air!

"Like a pea in a barrel."

Oh, my saccharin!

Cooper and proper names!

In answer to the statement which appeared in the Jottings of the October ANCHOR concerning the advisability of having geese instead of turkey-feathers for the girls' hats, we would say that geese are so common about College, that it is doubtful whether the demand would equal the supply.

We hear that Prof. Dimment has purchased a piano.

Miss Bertha has recovered from her serious affliction. It is questionable who was the most seriously afflicted?

Mae says all she lacks is a "big vocabulary."

How generous of Blocker to pay the debts of his young lady classmate.

Mustache curlers very cheap, boys, at any hardware store.

The Freshman's Primer.



See the boy!
Is he not a pretty boy?
Yes, he is not a pretty boy.
What makes the boy cry?
The boy cries because his blessed mother won't let him play with the other naughty boys.

Verburg has become a member of the "Country Literary Club." He is now preparing his inaugural address for the "janitorship."

Legters has struck a new barber shop. Where? O where?

Latest confection: "Prof. Mast's Candace."

Why is it that Cooper looks so sad and grave of late? Can it be that he has got a new girl?

Ruissard's sensations upon hearing of the prospective wedding of the "Lily of the Mudpuddle":

Tho' my vows I can pour
To my Lily no more,
To Lily, to love once so dear
In the shade of her bower,
I remember the hour:
She remembered those vows with a tear.

By another possessed
May she ever be blessed,
Tho' my heart still her name must revere,
With a sigh I resign
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a tear.

A case of Mistaken Identity. At the close of an evening's entertainment K—r—ling approached a certain young lady and proceeded to address her: "Miss —, may I have the pleasure—", and then suddenly realizing that he had spoken to the wrong person, "Oh, excuse me! but I guess this will be alright."

Brink advertises to sell his latest "Treatise on Babies" at a greatly reduced price to students.

Van Dam and Legters are said to be the college champions at matching pennies.

Prof. Mast's "organisms", Prof. Veghte's "infinitesimal wisdom", Prof. Nykerk's permanent advertisement "Girl Wanted", W. H. C.'s "heterogeneous conglomeration of incongruous antitheses", are subjects of universal interest.

A. N. C. What does it mean? Much time has been spent in trying to solve this mystery; but at last we believe that success has crowned our efforts. Behold the result—Astro-meteorological Namby-pamby Coffee-Drinkers.

Case No. 2 of 4 to 1. Hope church, Sunday night, Nov. 19th.

The following poem was found in Prof. Yntema's room the third hour:

"Jimmie had some little wheels
And they were in his head.
When he forgot to lubricate them,
They turned his face all red.
And thus it was once on a time
When his father cut his hair.
It made his scissors, oh! so hot!
So he could not cut it square."

Don't say "rubber neck" any more;
say "peninsula", for you know that's
a narrow neck stretching out to sea.
(see.)

The latest report is that Van Dam
has bought mileage on the Saugatuck
line. Wise fellow; it's cheaper that
way.

"Are the Freshmen sufficient unto
themselves?"

Two girls lost their gloves; these
valuable articles are supposed to be
in the possession of some of the gen-
tlemen. Please return them at once
as they did not mean to give the mit-
ten.

Why is the reading-room so at-
tractive to H. H.?

The entrance out: almost worthy of
an Irishman.

A small boy's daily question to Miss
Fl—d; "How's Pete?"

If only the new instructor in Mor-
als and Manners accomplished some-
thing!

In Greek: Just go on, Professor;
you are right thus far.

Rinck is contemplating a removal

of that fuzzy growth on his upper lip.
He is of the opinion that a second
growth, like hickory, will be tougher.

J. S. Raum, a former member of
the Senior class, has accepted a call
to the Disciple church in Traverse
City. John is certainly an able speak-
er and will undoubtedly do splendid
work. He has the best wishes of the
L. L. L.

Legters' new camera works like a
charm. It takes pictures of *roses*, even
to the color of the *leaves*.

When the first class seats are re-
served Hondelink seems to be very
attentive to a certain young lady.
What can it mean? He better look
out for "Pa"!

Van Dam and Van Zante think that
there is no place like Saugatuck.
They both like "peaches" from that
section of the country.

Stormzand seems to think that
"fishing" ought to be just as good in
the fall as in the spring; but such is
not always the case. All kinds of fish
don't bite now.

In imitation of the A. N. C. the C.
A. N. was organized; these initials
are said to mean, "catch a nigger."

Midnight. The telephone bell.
Meteoric showers. How did you en-
joy it, Tanis?

You like to carry burdens for those
you love, says E. V.r.

We are pleased to have in our An-
chor a picture of the college foot-ball
team, and hope that the day is not far

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distant when we can also boast of a girls' basket-ball team.

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Prof. Mast—Name some of the internal organs.

Student—Artilleries.

"Pas op, daar komen ze al. I go telephone to Prof."

New addition to the faculty—Prof. Almon Godfrey and Prof. Gerrit Hondelink.

Tanis reports that his "meteoric dog" is recovering from its convalescent stage. Answer the phone a few more times, Fritz, and you can ably seek a position as "Hello" girl.

Brink is now devoting most of his time to the study of babies. Tons of Mellin's Food daily arrive at his room, so that he is now prepared to supply all patrons.

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Van Zoeren and De Kleine are billed for a horse-race to occur in Graafschap, July 4, 1900. Jimmie is to hold the hat.

An early morning scene Nov. 14—as witnessed from a room on Tenth St.—Kleinhesselink diligently searching for a pocket-book lost the night before by one of his fair classmates.

Brink in the class room—When I went to school it took two teachers to punish a boy.

Professor—Perhaps it was necessary in your case.

Straks is looking for a position as dish-washer, while "Nealie" aspires higher and wishes to be a sub-furnace tender.

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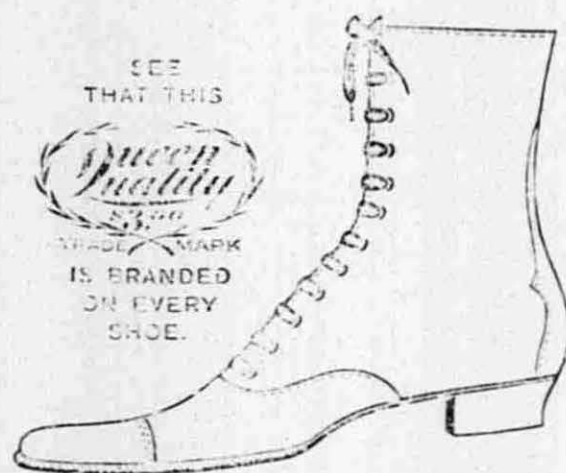
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